Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but rogery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy wayes old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there liues not 3. good men vnhangd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I say: I would I were a weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now Wolsacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*.

Prin. Why you horson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answere me to that, and *poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? Ile see thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me, giue me a cup of sack, I am a rogue if I drunk to day

Prin. O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunkst last. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinks.* A plague of all cowars still say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? here bee foure of vs, haue taneа thousand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it *Iacke*, where is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I weare not a halfe sword, with a doze of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose,

Hose, my buckler cut through & like a hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I n man, all would not do. A plague if they speake more or lesse then the sonnes of darknesse.

Gad. Speake sirs, how was it

Ross. Wee foure set vpon fo

Falst. Sixteene at least, my L

Ross. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not

Fal. You rogue they were b am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew.

Ross. As we were sharing, some

Fal. And vnbound the rest, a

Prin. What fought ye with t

Fal. All? I know not what y with fifty of them, I a n a bun two or three and fifty vpon poo leg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you haue n

Pal. Nay that's past praying them, Two I am sure I haue pa sutes: I tell thee what *Hal*, if I t me Horse: thou knowest my bore my point: foure rogues i

Prin. What, foure? thou sai

Fal. Foure *Hal*, I told thee

Poin. I, I; he said foure.

Fal. These foure came all a I made no more adoe, but too Target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there wer

Fal. In Buccorom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buccoru

Fal. Seuen, by these Hilts,

Prin. Prethee let him alon

Falst. Doest thou heare me

Prin. I and marke thee too

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